

imperishable urn. So may it be that they who leave us forget our failings, our want of thought and our want of heart, and remember only our virtues and excellences. If so, death is to them a better than Lethian stream, bringing oblivion to sorrow, and leaving only the treasures of the true and good. As we remember the dead, we should be remembered by them. And if, as said a sage, "death does that for us, death and I are friends". I do not know that we can call death our friend, but I know that if he is not that, he is a servant, a captive, a mute, black slave, sent by the Father to disrobe his children and prepare them for the presence of the King.

God giveth quietness at last!  
The common way once more is passed  
From pleading tears and lingerings fond,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the wrapt soul in your embrace,  
Dear ones familiar with the place!  
While to the gentle greetings there  
We answer hers with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?  
What hear the ears that death hath sealed?  
What undreamed beauty, passing show,  
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough, if there alone be love!  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow!

O pure soul! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the dear voice we loved so well!

(Whittier.)

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The address given on this and the preceding two pages is a typescript by SRP of the original document in The Homestead House Archive.